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Select Miscellany.

LOVE ON A LOG.

"Miss Becky Newton." "Well, sir."

"Will you marry me?" "No, I won't."

"Very well; then don't, that's all."

Mr. Fred Eckerston drew away his chair, and putting his feet up on the piazza, unfolded a newspaper.

Miss Becky Newton bit her lip and went on with her sewing. She wondered if that was going to be the last of it.

She had felt this proposal coming for nearly a month, but she had intended to refuse him, but it was, to be done gracefully. She was to remain firm notwithstanding his earnest entreaties.

She was to have told him that though respecting his manly worth and upright character, she could never be to him more than an appreciative and earnest friend.

She had intended to shed a few tears, perhaps, as he knelt writhing in an agony of supplication at her feet. But instead he had asked her the simple question, without any rhetorical embellishments, and on being answered had plunged at once into his newspaper, as though he had merely inquired the time of day. She could have cried with vexation.

"You will never have a better chance," he continued after a pause, as he deliberately turned over the sheet to find the telegraph reports.

"A better chance for what?" she asked shortly.

"A better chance to marry a young, good-looking man, whose gallantry to the sex is only exceeded by his bravery in their defence." Fred was quoting from his newspaper, but Miss Newton did not know it.

"And whose egotism is only exceeded by his impudence," retorted the lady sarcastically.

"Before long," continued Fred, "you will be out of the market. Your chances, you know, are getting slimmer every day."

"Sir!"

"It won't be a great while before you are ineligible. You will grow old, and—"

"Such rudeness to a lady, sir, is monstrous," exclaimed Miss Newton, rising hastily and flushing to the temples.

"I'll give you a final opportunity, Miss Becky. Will you marry—"

"Not if you were the King of England," interrupted Miss Newton, throwing down her work. "I am not accustomed to such insults, sir."

And so saying she passed to the house and slammed the door behind her.

She was never so handsome as when she is in a rage," thought Fred to himself, after she had gone, as he slowly folded up his paper and replaced it in his pocket.

I was a fool to goad her so. I shall never win her in that way. But I'll have her," he exclaimed, aloud. "By Heaven, I'll have her, cost what it may."

Very different was the Fred Eckerston of the present, pacing nervously up and down the piazza, from the Fred Eckerston of a few moments ago, receiving his dismissal from the woman he loved, with such calm and imperturbable exterior. For he loved Becky Newton with all his heart. The real difficulty in the way, as he more than half suspected, was not so much with himself as in his pocket. Becky Newton had an insuperable objection to an empty wallet. The daughter of a wealthy Louisiana planter, reared in luxury and the recipient of a weekly allowance of pin money sufficient to pay Fred's whole bills for a month, she had no immediate idea of changing her situation for one of less comfort and independence. Besides, it had been intimated to her that a neighboring planter of unusual aristocratic lineage had looked upon her with covetous eyes. To be sure he was old and ugly, but he was rich, and in her present mercenary state of mind, Miss Becky Newton did not desire to allow such a chance of becoming a wealthy widow slip by unimproved.

But alas for human nature! If Becky really was so indifferent to Fred Eckerston, why did she run up stairs after that interview, and take the starch all out of her nice clean, pillow-shams by crying herself into hysterics on the bed. It was not all wrath, not all vexation, it was not all pique. There was somewhere deep down in Becky Newton's heart, a feeling very much like remorse. She was not very sure she would not some day be sorry for what she had done. She had no doubt she should be very happy as Fred Eckerston's wife after all.

"But then," she cried, growing hot with the recollection, "I never could live with such a man—never!"

When Fred Eckerston had walked off some of his feelings on the piazza, he concluded to take a look at the river. The Mississippi, which flowed within five hundred yards of the house, was at the time nearly at the height of its annual "spring rise."

The turbid waters rushing toward the sea, nearly filled its banks, and in many places had broken through the levees and flooded the lowlands for many miles. A stream of this description had been made in the lower bank, nearly opposite the house, and the Newton mansion commanded a view of a vast and glittering inland sea, now laid down on the maps. The main current of the stream bore upon

its coffee-colored bosom an enormous mass of floating timber, which was dashed along in the boiling flood, rendering navigation wholly impossible. The waters were still rising, and the frequent crashes far and near told of the undermining power of the current, as sections of the sandy banks succumbed and disappeared, carrying with them the trees which overtopped the stream.

Now it happened that by a curious coincidence, Miss Newton also resolved to look at the river. She dried her tears, and putting on her hat, slipped out by the back door to avoid Fred, and soon found herself at the foot of a huge cottonwood tree on the bank below the house.

Throwing herself upon the grass, and lulled by the babbling of the rapid flood beneath her, she soon fell fast asleep. Had she possessed any power of foreseeing the future, it would have been the last thing she would have done, for although it was very pleasant dropping asleep there in the shade, with the soft sunlight filtering through the leaves overhead, the awakening was not all at her maid's.

She awoke with a start, the ground made chase of her dreams; the ground slipped from beneath her; the tall cottonwood toppled and fell; and Miss Becky Newton found herself suddenly immersed in the cold flood, with her mouth full of muddy water. In a moment more, somebody's arm was around her, and she felt herself lifted up and placed somewhere in the sunshine, though precisely where, she was as yet too bewildered to know. Getting her eyes open at last, she found Fred Eckerston's whiskers nearly brushing her face.

"Well!"

"Where am I?" asked Becky, shivering and looking around her.

"In the middle of the Mississippi," replied Fred, "and you are in the fork of a cottonwood tree, and you are voyaging toward the Gulf of Mexico just as fast as this freshet can carry you."

"How came you here?"

"In the same conveyance with yourself, Miss Becky. In fact you and I, and the tree all came together, to say nothing of a portion of your father's plantation, which I fear, is lost to him forever."

Becky was silent. She was thinking, not of the accident or the perilous position, but of her appearance when she was lying asleep on the grass.

"How long were you there before this happened?" she asked.

"As long as you were. I was up in the tree when you came."

"You had no right to be there," she said, coloring,—"a spy upon my movements."

"Nonsense!" he replied. "You intruded on my privacy, and while you slept I watched over you, like the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

"Thank you for the service, I'm sure," she said, bridling.

"You snored awfully."

"Mr. Eckerston, remove your arm from my waist."

"Then put yours around my neck."

"Indeed! I will do no such thing."

"You will fall into the river if you do not."

Becky was silent for several moments, while their unwieldy craft whirled along the current, rolling from side to side and threatening every instant to turn completely over and tip them off. At last she said—

"What are we to do?"

"I think now that I am started, I shall go on to New Orleans," he replied.

"To New Orleans!" exclaimed Becky.

"It is a hundred miles."

"Yes, and the chance for a free passage for such a distance is not to be neglected. You can go ashore if you prefer."

She burst into tears.

"You are cruel," she said, "to treat me so."

"Cruel!" exclaimed Fred, drawing her closer to him, quickly,—"cruel to you?"

There was no help for it, and she again relapsed into silence, quite content apparently, to remain in Fred's arms, and evincing now no disposition to rebel. For once in her life she was dependent on a man.

"I want to go to New Orleans," continued Fred, and after a pause, "because there is a young lady of my acquaintance residing there, whom I have an intention of inviting into this neighborhood."

"O!"

"If we don't go to New Orleans, and if we get out of this scrape, I shall write for her to come away."

"Ah!"

"I shall obtain board for her at St. Jean, which will be convenient for me, as long as I remain your father's guest. I can ride over after breakfast every morning, you see."

"She is an intimate friend, then," said Becky.

"I expect to marry her before long," he replied.

"Marry her! Why you—you proposed to me this morning!"

"Yes, but you refused me. I told you then you would never have another chance."

Becky was silent again. It is a matter of some doubt whether, had Fred at that moment, sitting astride that cottonwood log, with his feet in the water, and his arm around her waist, proposed to her a second time, she would have accepted him or not. To be sure a marvelous change had come over Becky's feelings since her tumble into the river. She felt just then that one strong arm like that which supported her was worth a thousand old and decrepit planters, and she recognized the fact that a man who could talk so coolly and unconcernedly in a situation of such extreme peril, was one of no ordinary courage. But she was not yet quite prepared to give up her golden dream. The drowsy was not quite washed out of her soul, and she did not yet know how much she loved Fred Eckerston. Besides she did not half believe him.

The clumsy vessel floated on, now roots first, now sideways, and now half submerged beneath the boiling current. Their precarious hold became more uncertain as their frames became more chilled by the cold water, and every plunge of the log threatened to cast them once more into the river. In vain Fred endeavored to attract the attention of some one on the other shore. The cottonwood retained a course nearly in the middle of the stream,

soe far from either bank to render itself out of sight of any eye. As it grew dark, their situation grew more and more desperate, and to Becky there appeared to be no escape from death, either by drowning in the darkness or by exhaustion before day-break.

Yet to die in this manner seemed not wholly a terror. She could hardly think of death now, come of any way in which she would rather meet it. Was it possible she loved him, and must needs be brought within the valley of the shadow before she could know her heart. Had she loved all along? While she was thinking about it, chilled by the night air, she fell asleep.

When she awoke the stars were out, but she felt warm and comfortable. Raining her hand she found herself enveloped in Fred's coat.

"Fred!"

"Well!"

"You have robbed yourself to keep me warm. You are freezing."

"No, I ain't. I took it off because it was too hot."

Other with his disengaged hand he made a pretense of wiping the perspiration from his brow.

"How long have I been asleep?"

"About three hours. We are drifting in shore now."

"Shall we be saved?"

"I don't know. Put your arms around my neck, for I am going to take mine away."

Becky did this time as she was bidden. She not only threw her arms quickly around his neck, but she laid her head upon his breast, without the slightest hesitation. In the darkness Fred did not know that she had imprinted a kiss upon his shirt-bosom.

"Hold fast now!" he cried. "Hold on for your dear life!"

The log had been gradually bearing the shore for some time, and it now showed suddenly under a large sycamore, which overhung the bank and trailed its branches in the brown flood. Quick as thought Fred seized the limb above his head, and pulled with all his might. The headlong course of the cottonwood was checked; it plunged heavily and partly turned over, its top became entangled in the sycamore, and a terrific cracking of limbs ensued. With a sudden spring Fred gained the projecting branch, dragging his clinging burden with him.

In another instant the cottonwood had broken away and continued its voyage down the river, while the bent sycamore regained its shape with such a quick rebound that the two travelers were very nearly precipitated into the stream again.

Fred, half supporting, half dragging Becky worked his way to the trunk by a series of gymnastics that would have done no discredit to Blondin, and in a moment more both had reached the ground in safety.

"That's a business we are well out of," he said, when he had regained his breath.

"Now where are we?"

He looked about. A light was glimmering from behind them, a short distance from where they stood. Becky could not walk without great pain, and Fred lifted her lightly in his arms and started for the house.

It proved to be the dwelling of a small planter who was not lacking in hospitality. Here their wants were quickly attended to, and under the cheering influence of warmth and shelter, Becky was soon herself again.

They drove home the following day, Fred having procured the loan of the planter's horse and chaise for that purpose, promising to return them by Mr. Newton's servant the day after. The morning was bright and clear, and the fragrance of the orange groves was in all the air. Becky, who had maintained almost utter silence since their escape from the cottonwood, was now silent no more. Fred himself did not appear particularly communicative, and many miles of the long ride were taken without a remark from either.

"Fred!" she said.

"Yes."

"You have saved my life, have you not?"

"Happy to do it any day," he said, not knowing exactly what she meant to say.

"I thank you very much."

"Quite welcome, I am sure."

There was another long silence, broken only by the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the road. Fred himself seemed to have lost some of his habitual ease, for he kept his whip in constant motion, and he held the reins nervously.

"Fred?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to write to that young lady in New Orleans?"

"I suppose so."

"Haven't you better try again—before you write?"

He turned his eyes full upon her, and opening them wide.

"Try again? Try what?"

"I've been thinking through the night," said Becky, bending low to hide her face and carefully separating the fringe of her mantle, "that—perhaps—if you asked me again the same question—that you did yesterday morning—I might answer a little differently."

Becky's head went against Fred's shoulder, and her face became immediately lost to view.

"You darling!" he exclaimed. "I never intended to do otherwise. The young lady in New Orleans was wholly a myth. But when I said did you change your mind?"

"I have never changed it," she murmured. "I have loved you all the time, but never knew it until last night."

And to this day, when Mrs. Becky Eckerston is asked where it was that she fell in love with her husband, she answers, "On a Log."

Some interesting things about counterfeit money.

"Gath," the Chicago Tribune's versatile correspondent, has been amusing himself lately by interviewing an engraver on the subject of counterfeit money. Said this gentleman: "I am one of the oldest engravers in the country. There is an engraving one day to be made into the currency of the country which will startle Joe and your newspaper and all their readers. There is a \$10 bill. Take it—look at it. Do you see anything notable about it? I looked the bill all over, and about the man looked all over, and saw nothing to excite a remark in either."

"There is nothing particular about that bill," he said, "except that it is counterfeit. There are eighteen distinct counterfeiters on the \$10 bill, and as an engraver, I know that they represent eighteen different counterfeiters. People generally know nothing whatever about the duplication of United States bonds, and about the quantity of counterfeit script about. If you, as a newspaper man, were to go to Gen. Spinner, and to the head of the Treasury, and ask how much counterfeit currency was in circulation, they would probably tell you ten per cent; but I tell you, as an engraver, that they have admitted to me that there is twenty-five per cent, or one-quarter of the whole amount of the same as current in this country, which are fraudulent. Do you know, sir, that the postal currency is renewed six times every year? That is the case, and see possibilities of its increased duplication and counterfeiting."

He then went on to say that the fifty per cent premium, and no gold, than have to deal as we do with a lot of paper which is beyond the control, to a great extent, of the Government officials. The extravagantly high price, and the corruption in our politics and life, hinge upon the currency. The duplication of the United States bonds will some day be found out, and an alarming matter that it will bring the whole country to its feet. That crime began in the Treasury as far back as Chase's time. John Corcoran and others in Congress made strenuous efforts to expose it, but they were gagged by the gavel and the party majority. An official, who at that time was connected with the printing, had in some way got a grip upon the Secretary, and could not be budged from his place by any power in the country. His accounts were short one year \$63,000, and he could not tell where the money had gone. They kept after him, however, and on one occasion he appeared before the examiners with his arms full of bonds, and throwing them down, said, 'There are your \$63,000.' Now, there was a press used for printing at the time, and it ran repeatedly in the night. The official himself was seen to emerge after dark, on two occasions, with a great box in his hand, which he put in his baggy and carried away. Now, how much duplication of bonds do you suppose it required to make \$63,000 worth of coupons, so as to equalize that account? Several hundred thousand, I suppose. No, sir; it took between \$18,000,000 and \$19,000,000 of bonds; and about that time happened the first duplication." I looked suddenly into the old gentleman's eyes, and was in great doubt whether I was speaking to an intelligent lunatic or great reformer.

End of the Whale Fisheries.

It is melancholy to read that the last of the whalers of Nantucket has just been sold. Gas and Kerosene have made the whale of no account in commerce. Instead of adventurous sailors, who come in port reeking with sperm oil and glory to have their wives and families, and agents who promote countless joint-stock companies and about new wells. Since slavery went obsolete no maritime life has been so full of adventure and romance as the whaling voyage. Now that that is gone and the commerce of the world is carried on by stockers, where is the exalted spirit of marine shivalry to take root? It may linger for awhile upon the canal, but even there it cannot linger long. The wretched contrivance of Watt and Fulton are plotting it, and even now legislators are preparing to supersede the driver by the engineer and the plugging steed of the canal by the steamroller. There is in all this partial consolation that it is good for the whales. Those infernal animals have now been driven from all frequented seas into Arctic and Antarctic solitudes. Even into the parent of them has diminished that will be left at leisure to increase and multiply and replenish the sea, to the relief of light-house boards, who still stately refuse to substitute our newer lights, and to the considerable satisfaction of the whales themselves. But mankind will decline to consider the gain of the whales as compensation for the loss of the whaler.

—New York World.

Three children were buried to death last night in a house in Nantucket. They caught in a prairie fire.

The Best Year.

A correspondent of the Scientific American gives the following word picture for mankind's most successful year:

During the best year, in the winter season, according to our daily record, we have noticed the manner in which one thousand persons who called for work have opened their eyes or shut their eyes; this you may say is a fairly good and less undertaking, but we entertain a very different opinion. What are the facts, and what are the deductions?

1. Out of 1,000 persons recorded 335 opened the door and shut their eyes when they came in, and when they went out, without much noise.

2. 225 opened in a hurry, and made an attempt to shut it, but did not, and merely pulled it to when they went out.

3. 500 did not attempt to shut it at all, either on coming in or going out, as they were coming in, and when they came in, but when reminded of the fact, made ample apology and shut it when they went out.

4. 96 left it open when they came in, but when reminded of the fact, made ample apology and shut it when they went out.

5. 20 came in with "How do you do, sir?" or "Good morning," or "Good evening," and all these went through the operation of wiping their feet on the mat, but did not shut the door when they came in nor when they went out.

Remarks.—We have employed men out of all the above classes, and during that time have had an opportunity of judging of their morality, etc.

The first class of 335 were those who knew their trade, and commenced and finished their work in a methodical manner, were quick, and had little to say in their working hours, and were well approved by those for whom they did the work. They were punctual to time, and left nothing undone which they were ordered to do. They did not complain about trifles, and in all respects they were valuable men, and were kind and obliging in their general conduct.

Whipping Re-inaugurated.

The following is from the Goldsboro Messenger, in relation to Judge Clark's action in a case before the recent term of the Wayne county Superior Court:

"A colored boy, 18 years old, of more than ordinary abstinence, stood indicted for forgery in that he forged several orders on John H. Powell, Esq., a merchant in this place, and which realized him about twenty dollars. The boy came forward in court and submitted, whereupon his Honor delivered himself of a short lecture, admonishing the young forger that his crime was a penitentiary offence, and said the Judge, 'Worry on a white man I should certainly send you there.' Considering his remarks, the boy's father was summoned before his Honor, whom he addressed thus:

"Your boy is guilty of a penitentiary offence, but if you will take him in one of the rooms below and give him a good chastisement, I will not pass sentence upon him. I cannot order him to be whipped, but you have the right to do it, and if you don't do it I shall send him to the penitentiary for two years. I would like to see you apply the rod to him myself, but as I can't go, Sheriff Woods will accompany you and see it well done, and report."

The Solicitor called to the father as he was carrying the boy out from the room to execute the sentence of the court, "make him take off his coat."

It should be remembered that Judge Clark and the Solicitor are both members of the Republican party. But we have no fault to find with them for reviving a good old-time custom in North Carolina.

The colored Republicans in New Orleans passed resolutions last week endorsing Judge Durrell and President Grant, but expressing pain at the failure of the Senate to accord to Hon. P. S. Piesback (col) his seat in that body. The resolutions also threaten the secession of the colored Republicans from the party unless they are treated better by Congress.

A dispatch announces the passage of the act by the Spanish Assembly, for the immediate emancipation of slaves in Porto Rico. The act declares that Spain will preserve the integrity of her dominions, and provides that emancipated slaves in Porto Rico shall enjoy all the political rights accorded to a citizen of Spain.

Commodore Vanderbilt has given \$500,000 toward erecting a large seminary for girls on the grounds of the Moravian Church at New Dorp, Staten Island, to be built on the same place as the one at Bethlehem, Pa. Workmen have already broken ground for the proposed building.

A youth at Danvers, Mass., aged fourteen years, played at hanging on Saturday using a wheelbarrow for a platform, which caused over, and he was soon afterwards found dead.

Tom Scott has maneuvered a bill through the Pennsylvania Legislature, relieving railroads and other corporations from taxation. This will cut the revenues of the State down some \$300,000.

The house of Henry Peters, near Detroit, Mich., was burned by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, while the father and mother were absent. Three children were burned to death.

An American newspaper to be styled the Daily World, is to be published in Vienna, Austria, during the continuance of the Universal Exhibition.

The worst snow storm of the season estimated at Chicago on the 25th ult., is a gain. There was eight inches of snow.

Simoeson Pakenborough.—The town of San Ignacio, Sinaloa, Mexico, was recently visited by a shower of quartz stones, which struck the place and killed a number of the people. It was the first time that the town had been visited by such a shower of stones.

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LOCAL ITEMS.

**BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.**—We had the rare pleasure of examining one of the finest beds of Hyacinths in full bloom, a few days since, in the garden of the Salem Hotel. It was indeed a treat to view such a mass of elegant colors, embracing pink, blue, purple, and a light buff, four colors, all on separate beds, but adjacent, making the air redolent with their exquisite perfume. Several other varieties of spring flowers flourish in these well kept flower beds.

Floriculture is becoming more and more general; and as we grow into a city, there will be an opening for profitable cultivation. Indeed we do not know why a seed garden could not be made profitable.—Northern Seedsmen grow rich with this pleasant occupation, and why could it not be done here as well, and have well acclimated seeds. This industry should include the vegetable seeds, and might be made highly remunerative. We want well directed industries, and would rather have small beginnings and gradual growth than an inflation with gas enough to "burst things."

We know that the ordinary garden seeds can be grown here with profit, as we have seen it tried on a small scale. By careful selection, of fully matured plants, excellent seeds were produced, which at one time were much sought after in this place.

**WARM WEATHER.**—Last Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and up to this writing, Tuesday morning, the weather has been unusually warm. Indeed we have had but few of the mild spring days, Summer having apparently come upon us at once. Cool days and nights and mornings may, however, be looked for before the heated term fully sets in. All nature is now bursting forth into foliage and blossom, and the forest trees are fast mantling themselves in their robes of delicate green.

The gardens are commencing to produce the early lettuce, and the lucious asparagus are beginning to peep from their bed.

**HON. KEMP P. BATTLE'S LECTURE** on Thursday evening last, was a literary treat. In the outset, the distinguished speaker remarked that he would embrace a variety of topics in his discourse, all however bearing directly or indirectly upon the subject chosen: "Observations in the history and prospects of Forsyth County and its neighbors."

Mr. Battle gave a running sketch, beginning with the origin and meaning of the word Salem, and in this connection gave a brief and comprehensive history of the ancient and modern *Unitas Fratrum* or United Brethren's church, more generally known as Moravians, alluding to their sufferings through cruel persecutions, and connecting brief sketches of some of their distinguished members, prominent among which was John Huss, the martyr. Of the renewed church, allusions were made to Zinzendorf, and some of the former principal members of the church at this place, making honorable mention of Rev. Lewis DeSchweinitz, as contributing valuable assistance to science in his botanical researches, &c., &c.

The origin of the name of Winston, and of the counties of Stokes, Surry, Yadkin, Davie, Davidson, Guilford, Rockingham, Chatham, Wake, and others, were also given, with sketches of the persons and localities after which they were named, displaying a fund of historical knowledge, seldom met with in our day and generation.

Mr. Battle is a pleasant speaker, full of quiet humor, often breaking forth in real mirth-provoking fun.

It was an agreeable surprise to many of the audience, to find so much familiarity with our denominational traditions exhibited by one who visited us for the first time. The lecturer made a favorable impression in this community, and we can assure him that his "kind words" for us as a people, are highly appreciated.

**HOLY WEEK.**—On Sunday last, (Palm Sunday,) the services in the Moravian church were peculiarly solemn and interesting.

In the afternoon the rite of Baptism was administered to 2 adults, and 29 confirmed their baptismal covenant, in the presence of a large congregation. Rev. Mr. Oerter conducted the services in a very touching and appropriate manner.

In the evening at 7 o'clock, the usual readings of the "History of the last days of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ," were commenced, Rev. Mr. DeSchweinitz conducting the services. The music was excellent, and the "Hosannah" was rendered in a highly spirited manner.

These readings were observed every evening, and will occur again this afternoon. Communion service to-night.

To-morrow, (Good Friday) there will be service in the church in the morning, afternoon and evening.

On Saturday service at 2 o'clock, P. M. On Sunday morning at 5 o'clock, the Easter Morning Litany, peculiar to the Moravian church, will be prayed on the grave-yard. The procession will be formed in front of the church, and proceed through the beautiful Cedar Avenue, to the resting place of the departed.

The following sketch, which we clip on an exchange is to the point:

**Palm Sunday and Holy Week.**—Palm Sunday, so called in commemoration of the last entrance of the Saviour into the city of Jerusalem, just before his crucifixion, when, as recorded in the gospels, a very great multitude spread their garments in the way, and others cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in his way. This Sunday marks the commencement of Passion Week, or Holy Week, which is especially designed for the contemplation of the Saviour's Divine nature—the sufferings endured by Him man's stead; with Palm Sunday, the church, according to the ancient rituals,

commences the recital, for the edification of her children, of the various Gospel records of the closing scenes in the earthly life of the Redeemer. Indeed, all the Scripture Lessons, as well as the Epistles and Gospels, appointed for this week refer expressly to this one theme, "Holy Week," or the "Great Week," as it was sometimes called, has for its observance the salvation of the Church in all ages. It is observed in the Oriental, as well as the Western branches of the Ancient Church, with acts of extraordinary solemnity, and with acts of extraordinary devotion of the devotion. The chief incidents of the week are the institution of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper and the Crucifixion of the Saviour. The former event is commemorated on Thursday of this week, which is called *Mandray Thursday*, in allusion to the *mandate* which on this day was given by Christ to His disciples, that they should love one another; and also the *mandate*, "This do in remembrance of Me." The events commemorated on the following day (Friday) commonly called "Good Friday," are too well known to be particularized here. Among those who keep this appointed season of special meditation upon the great mediatorial work of Christ it is usual to engage in rigid self-examinations, and to devote the week to extraordinary acts of penitence and devotion.

**BACON AND GREENS** are now in season. It is a time-honored and wholesome dish, which will bear repetition, with the slight variation of "Bacon and Greens," "Greens and Bacon."

**T. R. PARNELL, Esq., State Librarian** and Assistant Editor of the *State Agricultural Journal*, late of Salem, but now a resident of Raleigh, paid us a short visit this week. We are pleased to learn that Mr. Parnell's prospects in Raleigh are fair, and we have no doubt he will fill the positions he now occupies acceptably.

Mr. Parnell returned to Raleigh, Tuesday, but will be here again during our next court week.

**MAD DOGS.**—We still hear mention made of mad dogs. Last week Dr. Bynum's dog ran mad and was killed.

John Masten, Esq., of this county, informed us that he killed his dog, having had very suspicious symptoms of hydrophobia.

**MR. STROUPE**, for years an inmate of the County Poor-House, died last week.

**WM. A. BOLEJACK**, of this county, we learn, has disposed of 67 acres of land, known as the *Lime Kill*, to the Friendship Mining Company, for \$3,000.

**YADKIN COUNTY.**—At the recent term of Yadkin Superior Court, Judge Cloud felt in duty bound to call the attention of the Grand Jury to the increase of crime and general demoralization in that county. Eighteen persons were in jail, and some twenty persons were presented for habitual drunkenness.

**BROWN'S WAREHOUSE** sign, at Hall's Ferry, on the Yadkin river, is a hot thing, and does credit to the artist, Capt. R. Dan Mosley.

**BROWN & BHO.**, the enterprising Tobacconists of Mocksville, are boring an artesian well, and intend introducing steam, with improved machinery, into their new factory. They expect to work one million pounds of the weed, and will make Winston one of their principal points of purchase.

**FATAL ACCIDENT.**—The Coroner has kindly furnished us with the following particulars of a sad accident, which befel Charles Sides, aged about 14 years, son of Eli Sides, colored, on Monday last.

Charles was employed on Mr. A. N. Reich's brick-yard, together with two of his brothers. The boys were frequently charged to be very careful and not expose themselves to the dangers of the machinery; but it seems Charles' curiosity was excited, and he climbed up to look into the mill grinding the clay, when his head was caught between an iron crank and post, and horribly mangled. He only survived some five or six hours after the accident happened.

Charles must have discovered his situation too late, as he was heard to cry out "whoa" and stopped the horse, which attracted the attention of the other hands in time to see the unfortunate fall from the dangerous position he had occupied.

**COMMISSIONER'S COURT.**—On Monday the Board of County Commissioners levied a county tax of 40 cents on the one hundred dollar valuation of Real and Personal property, and 95 cents on each taxable poll, for the year 1872.

The Board also granted license to S. Byrly to retail spirituous liquors for the next twelve months.

A Card.

A Clergyman, while residing in South America, as missionary discovered a safe and simple remedy for the Cure of Nervous Weakness, Early Decay, Disease of the Urinary and Seminal Organs, and the whole train of disorders brought on by baneful and vicious habits. Great numbers have been cured by this noble remedy. Prompted by a desire to benefit the afflicted and unfortunate, I will send the receipt for preparing and using this medicine, in a sealed envelope, to any one who needs it, Free of Charge.

Address  
**JOSEPH T. J. MARY,**  
Station D, Bible House,  
New York City.

To the Suffering.

The Rev. William H. Norton, while residing in Brazil as a Missionary, discovered in that land of medicine a remedy for Consumption, Scrophula, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, and Nervous Weakness. This remedy has cured myself after all other remedies had failed.

Wishing to benefit the suffering, I will send the recipe for preparing, and using this remedy to all who desire it FREE OF CHARGE.

Please send an envelope with your name and address on it. Address  
**Rev. WILLIAM H. NORTON,**  
476 Broadway,  
New York City.

**New Advertisements.**  
Patterson & Co., offer a well selected lot of first class goods at reasonable prices. They are determined to please.  
Kid Gloves of all shades at Patterson's. See Notice Store advertisement.

**MARRIED.**  
In witness whereof, I have signed this by Rev. J. C. Campbell, Mr. J. C. Campbell to Miss MARY FRANK.

**DIED.**  
In this place on Saturday evening last, of consumption, Miss Elizabeth Ann, daughter of H. M. Lamb, aged 25 years 1 month and 2 days.  
In this county, on Saturday last, of erysipelas, MARTIN WESTMORELAND.  
In this county, recently, of erysipelas, JOHN SWART, son of Mrs. Swartz.  
In this place on Monday evening last, infant child of Mr. Julius Lineback.

THE MARKETS.

Corrected by R. A. Wainwright & Co.,  
Dealers in General Merchandise.

Corn,	06 a 00	Salt Liverpool,	2 30
Wheat,	1 00 a 1 10	Amsterdam,	2 25
Meal,	2 2 a 2 4	Candies ada,	20 a 25
Chop,	12 a 15	Old Lard,	1 00 a 1 25
Bacon,	12 a 15	Kerosene,	50 a 60
Pork,	7 00 a 8 00	Sheddies, Price,	A. 18
Lard,	10 a 12	B. 12	
Rice,	10 a 12	Yarn, Fines, per lb.	1 00
Molasses,	28 a 30	Iron,	8 a 8
Cheese Pac.	18 a 25	Nails,	7 a 8
Moose,	25 a 30	Hides, green, 2, Dry 15	
Butter,	25 a 30	Tallow,	10 a 12
Peanut,	70 a 80	Beeswax,	28 a 30
Apples, green,	75 a 1 00	Clover Seed,	5 00 a 6 00
Do. red,	80 a 1 00	Homogrow, 5.50 a 9.00	
Potatoes, No. 1,	50 a 60	Barrel Flour, Fruit	50
Do. Irish,	45 a 50	Brick,	5 00 a 10 00
Coffee,	25 a 30	Longleaf pine, 4.50 a 5.25	
Sugar,	11 a 15	Hay, per ton, 50 a 60	
Crushed 16 a 18		Hay, per ton, 50 a 60	
Rags,	3 a 4		

WINSTON TOBACCO MARKET.

IMPORTED BY WINSTON TOBACCO ASSOCIATION.  
NEW TOBACCO.  
PRIMINGS—Common to good, none coming in.  
Leaf—Common, 5 00 to 5 50  
" Medium, 6 00 to 6 75  
" Good, 7 00 to 8 00  
BRIGHT SMOKERS—Common, 5 25 to 6 00  
" Fancy, 6 00 to 6 50  
WRAPPERS—Common, 6 00 to 8 25  
" Good to Fine, 9 00 to 17 00  
" Fancy, 20 00 to 40 00  
Receipts for the past week were good, and prices continue to give satisfaction to the farmers for the grades offering.

DANVILLE TOBACCO MARKET.

DANVILLE, Va. April 1, 1873.  
LEAF—Very Common, \$5 50 to 6 00  
" Good, 7 00 to 8 50  
" Common Bright, 8 00 to 10 00  
" Fancy, 10 00 to 15 00  
LEAF—Common Red, 7 00 to 9 00  
" Good, 9 00 to 11 00  
" Common Bright, 12 00 to 15 00  
" Good Bright, 25 00 to 40 00  
" Fancy Wrappers, 50 00 to 70 00  
And some extra lots higher.

**New York, April 8.**—Cotton 19 a 20  
Flour, \$6 00 to \$6 60; Corn, 65 a 66  
Wheat, 1 65 a 1 70; Gold, 00 a 118; Bonds N. C. old, 00 a 00, new 00 a 00.  
On Tuesday gold was easier at 18.  
Money firm at 1 1/2 per cent.

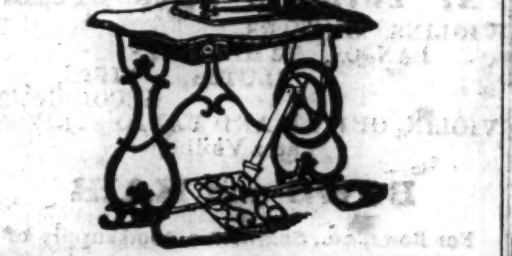
**Baltimore, April 8.**—Cotton 18 1/2 a 18 1/4  
Flour 5 75 a 6 75; Wheat, \$1 60 a \$1 80; Corn white, 68 a 69, yellow, a 63; Oats, 47 a 50; Bacon, 71 a 91; Whiskey, 91 a 00; Lard 8 a 8 1/2.  
**Charlotte, April 8.**—Bacon 10 a 10 1/2  
Flour, 4 40 a 4 50; Corn, 40 a 70; Oats, 45 a 50  
Wheat, 1 40 a 1 50; Whiskey, \$1 35 a 1 40  
Pens, 90 a 1 00; Lard, 10 a 12.

**Fayetteville, April 8.**—Bacon 7 1/2 to 12  
Flour, \$8 75 a \$7 75 Corn 95 a \$100 Oats, 75 80; Rye, \$1 25; Wheat, \$1 50; Lard, 12 a 15  
Whiskey, \$2 25; Brandy, \$2 00; Salt, \$1 65 a \$2 00.

**Petersburg, April 8.**—Flour, 7 50 a 8 25  
Wheat, red \$1 90 a \$2 00, white, 80 a 82  
Corn, 70 a 72; Bacon, hog round 12 a 12 1/2  
Whiskey, \$2 00 Apple Brandy \$2 00.

**Richmond, April 8.**—Wheat, \$1 75 a 1 50  
Corn 72 a 00; Oats 52 a 60; Flour, superfine 8 25 a 8 50.

HOME SHUTTLE



SEWING MACHINE.

THE perfection of mechanism. Simple, compact, efficient, durable and complete. Entails good for fine or heavy work. It is a triumph of modernity. The only practical low-priced Lock-Stitch Sewing Machine. Would be pleased to have every one wishing to purchase a Sewing Machine, to make personal examination of the merits of the Home Shuttle Sewing Machine.  
It will Sew: Plain, Cord, Braid, Seam, Tuck, Ruffle, Hemstitch, Gather, and Sew on at the same time, and will work equally well on Silk, Linen, Woolen and Cotton Goods, with Silk, Linen or Cotton Thread.

Price, \$37 00 with table.  
" \$25 00 without table.  
C. A. HEGGE, Agent,  
Salem, N. C.

N. B. I also have the Improved Underfeed Common Sewing Machine. Price, \$15 00.  
March 20, 1873-12

The Advance Mower!



Took the FIRST PREMIUM at the North Carolina State Fair, 1872.

THE ADVANCE is a new and entirely different machine. It is of the greatest importance that all in want of a Reel Mower should know where to find it, and to all such we do not hesitate to recommend "THE ADVANCE."  
Because it is Light, Simple, Compact and EASYLY MANAGED. It works well on SMOOTH or STUMPY LAND and is not liable to get out of order. Has a substantial iron frame which cannot become loose or unsteady. The cutting is strong and durable. It is a forward cut machine, the cutter-bar being in front of the wheels. By the different lever arrangement, a different cut can be made, and the blades may be raised at the same time, or the bar may be folded and the team driven through, saving hay or along the road, without the driver leaving his seat. The gearing is all completely enclosed in a cast iron case so as to exclude dirt and grime. There were more of the ADVANCE MOWERS and REAPERS sold in North Carolina during last summer than all other mowers put together.  
Call and see "THE ADVANCE" or send for illustrated circular containing full particulars, before purchasing elsewhere.  
C. A. HEGGE, Salem, N. C.,  
State Agent for North Carolina, for the Advance Mower and Reapers.  
Also dealer in all kinds of labor-saving machinery.  
March 20, 1873-12

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.  
12,000,000 ACRES!  
CHEAP FARMS!

The cheapest land in market for sale by the UNION PACIFIC RAIL ROAD COMPANY. In the Great Platte Valley.  
9,000,000 Acres in Central Nebraska.  
Now for sale in tracts of forty acres and upwards on five and ten year credits at 5 per cent. No advance interest required.  
Mild and beautiful climate; fertile soil; an abundance of good water.  
THE BEST MARKET IN THE WEST!  
The great mining regions of Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, and Nevada, being supplied by the farmers in the Platte Valley.

Soldiers entitled to a Homestead of 160 Acres.

THE BEST LOCATIONS FOR COLONIES.

FREE HOMES FOR ALL.—Millions of acres of choice Government Lands open for entry under the Homestead Law, near the Great Railroad, with good markets and all the conveniences of an old settled country. Free passes to purchasers of Railroad Land. Sectional maps showing the Land, also new edition of Descriptive Pamphlet with new maps mailed free everywhere. Address—J. F. KAVIS, Land Commissioner, U. S. R. R. Omaha, Neb.

\$500 IN PRIZES!

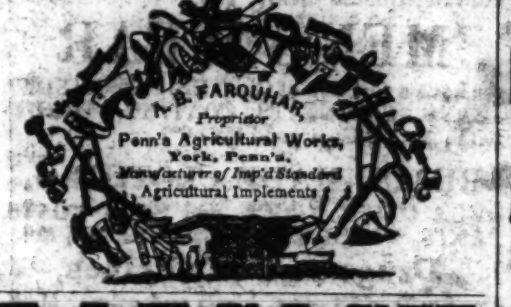
**EXTRA EARLY VEGETABLES.** Ten days earlier than Early Rose. Extra early, productive and of excellent flavor. \$1 per pound; 4 pounds by mail, receipt for \$3 50.

**COMPTON'S SURPRISE, 325** Bushels to the Acre. A little later than Early Rose. Equal in quality, \$3 per pound, by mail, postpaid.

\$500 will be awarded as PRIZES to those who produce the largest quantity from one pound. Descriptive Circulars of the above, with list of 300 varieties of Potatoes for sale.  
Illustrated Seed Catalogue, 200 pages, with Colored Cuts, 25 cents. Early, solid and productive. Price 25 cents per packet; 5 packets for \$1.  
B. K. BLISS & SONS,  
23 Park Row, New York.

GREAT PERSIAN WATERMELON.

the best. Keeps fresh and sweet throughout the winter. Seed 25 cents. Each 6 packets \$1. Mammoth Cabbage, weighs 20 to 60 lbs. 20 cts. a packet. Mammoth Squash 100 to 300 lbs. 20 cts. a packet. Cucumber 3 feet and colled, 15 cents. Yard long Bean, 15 cts. Husk Tomato, keeps for a year. Ice paper, Radish, watermelon, 15c. A packet of either sent postpaid, for price list for \$1. G. H. WILLIAMSON, Gratiot, Tenn.



BABCOCK FIRE EXTINGUISHER.

SEND FOR "ITS RECORD."  
F. W. FARWELL, Secretary,  
407 Broadway, New York. 73 Market St., Chicago

RASTEN YOUR WINDOWS!

No spring to break, no cutting of sash; cheap, durable, very easily applied, holds sash in any place desired, and a self-lubricator when the sash is down. Send stamp for circular. Circular and six copper-bronzed locks sent any address in the U. S., postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents. Liberal discount to the trade. Agents wanted. Address REISINGER SASH LOCK CO., No. 418 Market Street, Harrisburg, Pa.

SEWING MACHINE.

Is the BEST IN THE WORLD.  
Agents Wanted. Send for Circular. Address: "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE CO., N. Y.

[Established 1830.]

**WELCH & GRIFFITHS,**  
Manufacturers of Saws  
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.  
EVERY SAW WARRANTED.  
FILES, BELTING, MACHINERY.  
LIBERAL DISCOUNTS.  
WELCH & GRIFFITHS,  
Boston, Mass., & Detroit, Mich.

FULL WEIGHT SOAP.

**PROCTER & GAMBLE'S EXTRA OLIVE.**  
Some brands of Soap are sold short, weighing but eight ounces per box. If you use these Soaps you pay money for what you do not receive. CAN YOU AFFORD TO DO SO?  
Buy PROCTER & GAMBLE'S Full weight Brand. Sold by Grocers in your city.  
WILLARD BROS.  
Wholesale Agents, Wilmington, N. C.

EVERY CORNET BAND

In the country will receive a splendid piece of BAND MUSIC free, by sending a two-cent stamp to EDWARD S. SAMUELS, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

AGENTS! A RARE CHANCE!

We will pay all Agents \$40 per week in cash who will engage with us at once. Everything furnished and expenses paid. Address  
A. COULTER & Co., Charlotte, Mich.

MONEY MADE RAPIDLY with Sherrill and Key Check

FREE S. M. SPENCER, 117, Hanover St. Boston.

BEST AND OLDEST FAMILY MEDICINE

**SANDFORD'S Liver Invigorator,**  
A purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic, for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick-Headache, Bilious Attacks, and derangement of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of imitations.

\$1,000 REWARD.

For any case of Blind or Painless Itching or Ulcerated Skin that Dr. BIRD'S PILLS REMEDY fails to cure. It is prepared expressly to cure the Piles, and nothing else. Sold by all Druggists. Price, \$1 00. 14-44

R. G. & W. L. CALLUM,

WINSTON, N. C.  
DEALERS IN  
DRUGS, MEDICINES,  
Paints, Oils, Dye-Stuffs,  
Perfumeries, Toilet Articles, &c.  
All kinds of Aniline Dyes for sale.  
Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared, at all hours, day or night.  
We solicit the patronage of the public generally, and will endeavor always to please.  
Physician's orders promptly attended to.  
March 20th, 1873. 12-3m.

OLD ESTABLISHED HOUSE.  
F. FRIES, Established 1847.  
PATTERSON & CO., 1867.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
**GENERAL MERCHANDISE,**  
Buyers of Grain and other Country Produce.

PATTERSON & CO., beg leave to thank the public for a liberal patronage, and to announce the opening of a well selected and well bought purchase of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

It is our purpose to make a specialty of every department of goods, which we keep in stock. We will offer nothing but good articles at low prices.

Customers shall uniformly be waited on with promptness and courtesy, and shall receive "One Hundred Cents worth of Goods for One Dollar."

The rule of the House has been and shall be "The strictest integrity and impartiality in all dealings."

After the completion of the Railroad, our **WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT** will be largely increased. Our facilities for purchasing in quantity are not surpassed by any house in this section of the State.

We extend a cordial invitation to all to visit us and examine our Goods.

Salem, N. C., April 8, 1873. **PATTERSON & CO.**

SPRING, 1873.

J. L. FULKERSON

IS OFFERING A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF THE

Newest Styles of Ladies' Dress Goods,

FOR SPRING AND SUMMER.

"AT PRICES CHEAPER THAN EVER."

The assortment is not surpassed by any house in this section of country.

KID GLOVES.

"ALEXANDER'S and JOUVIN'S New Shades" for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Salem, N. C., March 20, 1873. J. L. FULKERSON.

W. A. LASH, Jr.,  
CABEL HAIRSTON, Jr.

LASH'S NEW WAREHOUSE,

WINSTON, N. C.,

Is now open for the sale of Leaf Tobacco.

OUR HOUSE IS SITUATED ON THE EAST SIDE OF TOWN, NEAREST THE DEPOT and has

Eight large Sky Lights, with a South Light,

which gives it the advantage of other houses in the place. All we ask is a trial, and we guarantee the

HIGHEST MARKET PRICES.

LASH & HAIRSTON,  
March 6.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

Has been before the American public OVER THIRTY years. It has never yet failed to give perfect satisfaction, and has justly been styled the panacea for all external Wounds, Cuts, Burns, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, &c., &c., for Man and Beast. No family should be without a day's supply of this Liniment.

Without this Liniment, the remedy is found unless the Liniment is as represented. Be sure and get the genuine MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, sold by all Druggists and Country Stores, at 25c, 50c, and \$1 00 per Bottle. Notice, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1 00 per Bottle. Notice, 10c, 25c, 50c, and \$1 00 per Bottle.

RIBBONS, MILLINERY AND STRAW GOODS, 1873.

White Goods, Embroideries, &c.

Armstrong, Cator & Co.,

IMPORTERS, MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS  
BONNET TRIMMING, NECK AND SASH RIBBONS  
VELVET RIBBONS, NECK TIES  
BONNET SILKS, SATINS, VELVETS & CRAPES  
FLOWERS, FEATHERS, ORNAMENTS, FRAMES, &c.

STRAW BONNETS and LADIES' & CHILDREN'S HATS, TRIMMED AND UNTRIMMED.  
AND IN CONNECTION WITH  
WHITE GOODS, LINENS, EMBROIDERIES, LACES, NETS, COLLARS, SETS, HANDBOSOMS, &c.

Nos. 237 and 239 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.

These goods are manufactured by us or bought for cash directly from the European and American Manufacturers, embracing all the latest novelties, unequalled in variety and cheapness in any market. Orders filled with care, promptness and despatch. March 27, 1873-12-3m. pd.

FOR SALE!

TWO GOOD BUILDING LOTS in the town of Salem, next to the residence of John W. Fries, Jr. Apply to R. GRAY, Jr., Winston, N. C., March 20, 1873. 12-3

LOT FOR SALE,

ON ELM STREET, adjoining the Free School House lot. Enquire of March 27, 1873-12-1m. Da. T. F. KEEHLN.

Magnolia Balm

A FEW APPLICATIONS MAKES A Pure Blooming Complexion.

It is Purely Vegetable, and the operation is so gentle and safe, it does away with the finished appearance of Lead, Poison and Lard. It cures and removes all blotches and Pimples, itching dandruff and itchy scalp. It cures the Face, Neck, and Body, and by its gentle but powerful influence, makes the blood pure.

YOUTHFUL GLOW AND BEAUTY. It is sold by all Druggists and Fancy Stores. Depot, on Third Street, New York.



at H. D. LOTT'S.